

A
P O E M

HUMBLY DEDICATED

To the Great Patern of

Piety and Virtue
Catherine Queen Dowager.

ON THE

D E A T H

OF HER DEAR

LORD and HUSBAND
King CHARLES II.

By Mrs. Behn.

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POEM

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Catherine Queen Dowager

DEATH

OF THE DEAR
LORD and HUSBAND
King CHARLES II.

By
John Waller
Esq.
Author of the
Poem on the Death of King Charles II.

A
POEM

ON HER

Sacred Majesty

Catherine Queen Dowager.

Pardon! Oh *Sacred Mourner*! that we paid
 Our first sad *Tributes* to the *Royal Dead*;
 Which did our *Souls* to rending sighs
 convert,
 Drain'd our fixt eyes, and pierc'd the bleed-
 ing heart;
 And for a *Loss* that *Heav'n* can ne're redress,
 Our *Raging Griefs* were rude in their excess:
 Which, while with *wild Devotion* we pursue
 Ev'n *Heav'n* neglected lay, ev'n *Sacred NOU*:
 Our own dire *Fates* did all our *Tears* employ,
Griefs have self-interest too as well as *Joy*.
 But when such *Sacrifice* from us is due,
 What must the *Mighty Loss* exact from You,
 Who Mourn a King, and dear lov'd Husband too! }
 How shall we measure that vast tide of *woe*,
 That did Your *Royal breaking Heart* o'reflow?

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And

And almost, with a high imperious force,
 Bore down the Banks of *Life* in its too rapid course.
 Your *Languishments* and *Sorrows*, who repeats,
 Or by his own, on *Yours* a *Value* sets,
 Compares deep *Seas* to wand'ring *Rivolets* ;
 Who though a while in their own *Meads* they stray,
 Lose their young streams at last in the unbounded *Sea*.
 Shou'd all the Nations tenderest griefs combine,
 And all our Pangs in one vast body joyn,
 They cou'd not sigh with *Agonies* like *Thine*.
 That You survive, is Heav'n's peculiar care,
 To charm our *Grief*, and heal our wild *Despair* ;
 While we to *Charles's* Sacred Relict bow,
 Half the great *Monarch* we Adore in You :
 The rest, our Natural Devotions grant ;
 We Bless the *Queen*, and we Invoke the *Saint* :
 Nor fades your *Light* with *Englands* Worship'd Sun,
 Your *Joys* were set, but still Your *Glory* shon :
 And with a Luster that shall still increase, (cease ;
 When worlds shall be no more, and *Natures* self shall
 For never in one mortal *Frame* did joyn
 A *Fortitude* and *Vertue* more *Divine* :
 Witness the *Steady* *Graces* of your Soul
 When charg'd by *Perjuries* so black and foul,
 As did all *Laws*, both *Humane* and *Divine* controul.
 When Heaven (to make the *Heroin* understood,
 And Hell it self permitted loose abroad,)
 Gave you the *Patience* of a *Suffering* *God*.
 So our Blest *Saviour* his *Reproaches* bore,
 When Piercing *Thorns* His Sacred *Temples* wore,
 And stripes compell'd the Rich redeeming *Gore*.
 Your pretious *Life* alone, the Fiends disdain'd,
 To Murder home, your *Vertue* they prophan'd ;
 By

By Plots so rude, so Hellish a Pretence,
 As ev'n wou'd call in question *Providence*;
 Or why *Avenging Thunder* did not strike
 Those *Cursed hands* durst touch the *Sacred Ark*;
 But as where long the *Sun* is *Set* in *Night*,
 They with *more joy* Salute the breaking *Light*,
 Heav'n cast this *Cloud* before your *Radiant Beams*,
 To prove their *Force* by contrary *Extreams*;
 The Nations all with new *Devotion* bow,
 To *Glories* never understood till now:
 'Twas *Majesty* and *Beauty* Aw'd before,
 But now the *Brighter Vertue* they adore.

This the *Great Lord* of all Your Vows behold,
 And with disdain *Hells* baffl'd rage repell'd;
 He knew Your *Soul* and the soft *Angel* there,
 And long (kind Rivals) did that *Empire* share;
 And all your *Tears*, your pleading *Eloquence*,
 Were needless *Treasures*, lavish'd to convince }
 Th' Adorer of your known, and *Sacred Innocence*. }
 When not for *Life* the *Royal Suppliant* mov'd,
 But *His belief*, whom more than *Life* she lov'd;
 From whom, if e're a frown she cou'd receive,
 'Twas when She *doubted* that He cou'd believe;
 While he repeats the dear confirming Vows,
 And the *first* soft adressing *Lover* shows.

By your *reflecting Smiles* the *World* was gay, }
Faction was fled, and *Universal Joy* }
 Made the glad business of the welcome day. }
 Ah! too secure we baskt beneath the *Sun*,
 And little thought his *Race* so near was run,

But as if *Phaeton* had usurp'd its Rule,
 In the full Brightness of its Course it fell,
 Whilst all the *frighted World* with wonder gaz'd,
 And *Nature* at her own disorder stood amaz'd :
 While you, ah *Pious Mourner* did prepare
 To offer up to *Heav'n* your early Prayer ;
 You little thought 'twould meet your dear-lov'd

[Monarch there:

But on the Wings of *Death* the News approach't,
 And e'ne destroy'd the wondring sense it touch't ;
 O Mighty *Heav'n-Born Soul* ! that cou'd support
 So like a God ! this cruel *first effort* !
 Without the *Feebler Sexes* mean replies,
 The *April Tributes* of their *Tears* and *Cries*.
 Your *Valu'd Loss* a *Noisy Grief* disdain'd
 Fixt in the heart, no outward sign remain'd ;
 Though the *soft Woman* bow'd and dy'd within ;
 Without, *Majestick Grace* mainrain'd the *Queen* !
 Yet swiftly to the *Royal Bed* You fly,
 Like short-liv'd *Lightning* from the parted sky ;
 Whose new-born *Motions* do but flash and dy. }
 Such *Vig'rous Life* ne're mov'd your steps before,
 But here—they sunk beneath the *Weight* they bore.
Princes we more than *Humane* do allow,
 You must have been above an *Angell* too ; }
 Had You resist'd this sad *Scene of Woe* ; }
 So the *Blest Virgin* at the *Worlds* great loss,
 Came, and beheld, then *Fainted* at the *Cross*.

Methinks I see, You like the *Queen of Heav'n*,
 To whom all *Patience* and all *Grace* was giv'n ;
 When the *Great Lord of Life* Himself was lay'd
 Upon her Lap, all wounded, Pale, and Dead ;
 Transpierc'd

Transpierc'd with Anguish, ev'n to Death *Transform'd*,
 So She *bewail'd* Her God ! so *figh'd*, so *Mourn'd* ;
 So His blest *Image* in Her Heart *remain'd*,
 So His blest *Memory* o're Her Soul still *Reign'd* !
 She Liv'd the *Sacred Victim* to deplore,
 And never *knew*, or *wisht* a Pleasure more.

But when to Your Apartment You were brought,
 And Grief was Fortify'd with *second Thought* ;
 O how it burst what e're its Force withstood,
 Sight to a *Storm*, and swell'd into a *Flood* ;
Courage, which is but a peculiar Art
 By *Honour* taught ; where *Nature* has no Part :
 When e're the *Soul* to fiercer *Passions* yield,
 It ceases to be brave and quits the field ;
 Do's the abandon'd sinking *heart* expose
 Amid'st Ten Thousand Grievs, its worst of Foes.

Your *Court*, what *Dismal Majesty* it wears,
 Infecting all around with *Sighs* and *Tears* ;
 No Soul so *dull*, so *insensible* is found,
 Without concern to tread the hallowed Ground ;
Awful, and *silent*, all the Rooms of State,
 And *Emptiness* is *Solemn* there, and great ;
 No more *Recesses* of the sprightly Gay,
 But a Retreat for *Death*, from Noise and Day :
Eccho's from Room to Room we may pursue,
 Soft *sighs* may hear, but *Nothing* is in view ;
 Like Groves enchanted, where wreck'd Lovers ly,
 And breath their Moans to all the Passers-by ;
 Who no kind Aids to their Relief can bring,
 But *Eccho* back their *Pitying sighs* agen.

But

But the mysterious *Sanctum* is conceal'd,
 To vulgar Eyes that must not be reveal'd;
 To your *Alcove* your Splendours you confine,
 Like a *Bright Saint* veil'd in a *Sable Shrine*;
 As the *Chast Goddess* of the *silent Night*,
 You Reign alone, retir'd from *Gaudy Light*;
 So Mourning *Cynthia* with her *Starry Train*,
 Wept the sad Fate of her *Lov'd sleeping Swain*.

F I N I S

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